

Santa Claus FUNNIES

10¢

7000 GOLDEN BOMBS

No. 52



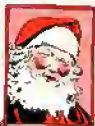


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

O Christmas Tree



O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are your branches!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are your branches!
In summer sun or winter snow,
A dress of green you always show.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are your branches!



O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How fragrant are your branches!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How fragrant are your branches!
When decked with candles once a year
You fill our hearts with Yuletide cheer.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
With happiness we greet you!



SANTA CLAUS FUNNIES, No. 41 Published by
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.
140 Madison Ave. New York 16, N. Y.

Copyright, 1946, by CHARLES LEBEL. Printed in U. S. A.

How Santa GOT HIS Red Suit



Many, many centuries ago Santa Claus was just as kindly and generous as he is today—but—there was one big difference.

He didn't wear a red suit!

He wore yellow cloaks or purple, black waistcoats or white, green trousers sometimes, other times blue. In fact, he wore whatever suited his fancy. Santa was very proud of his many gay costumes.



THEN ONE CHRISTMAS EVE SANTA DRESSED IN AN ORANGE CAPE, A GREEN JACKET AND YELLOW TROUSERS. HE WORE A RED CAP AND HIS BOOTS WERE A SHINY BLACK. ALL THE GNOMES, HIS HELPERS, THOUGHT HE LOOKED VERY BEAUTIFUL.



BUT WHEN SANTA ARRIVED THERE HE COULD SEE NO PLACE TO LAND HIS TEAM. HE STOOD ON A CLOUD AND SURVEYED THE SCENE.



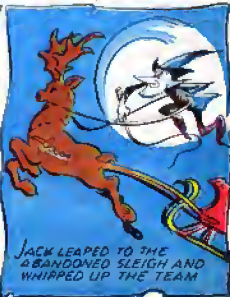
SOON SANTA'S WORK WAS NEARLY DONE HIS FIRST STOP WAS THE FOREST OF ST NICHOLAS



FINALLY HE SLID DOWN A ROPE TO FIND A LIKELY SPOT



AND WATCHING HIM WAS MISCHIEVOUS JACK FROST



JACK LEAPED TO THE ABANDONED SLEIGH AND WHIPPED UP THE TEAM



JACK FROST! COME
BACK WITH MY SLEIGH!
MY BAG OF TOYS AND
GIFTS IS IN IT!

HO, HO! GOODBYE SANTA!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO
DRIVE THIS TEAM!



HOW UNFORTUNATE!
THAT MISCHIEVOUS
SPRITE WILL SPOIL
THE CHRISTMAS OF
ALL THE CHILDREN
OF ST. NICHOLAS
FOREST!



WELL, NOTHING FOR IT
BUT TO FIND SOME
HOSPITABLE PERSON
TO GIVE ME SHELTER
FOR THE REST OF
THE NIGHT.



THERE'S A
LIGHT NOW!



MY SAKES WHOEVER
LIVES HERE? TOO
SMALL FOR ME TO
ENTER, BUT I'LL
KNOCK AND ASK
DIRECTIONS TO
THE NEAREST
SHELTER



WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!
AN ELF! MERRY
CHRISTMAS!

MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
YOURSELF!
COME IN!
COME IN!



COME IN? HO-HO-HO-HO!
COME IN! WHY, I'D BREAK
YOUR HOUSE DOWN IF
I TRIED TO ENTER!



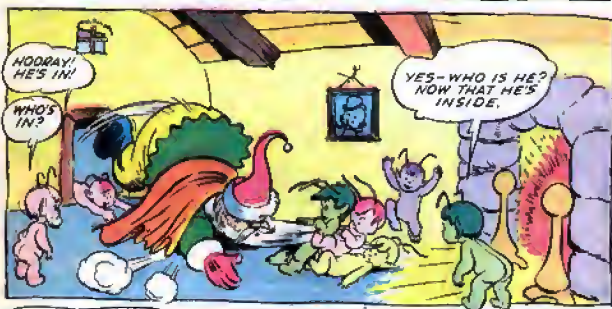
YOU'LL FIT IN
ALL RIGHT... JUST
GET THROUGH
THE DOORWAY!



ALL RIGHTY
NOW, YOU
FELLOWS
IN THERE,
PULL ON
HIS BEARD
AGAIN.

HOORAY!
HE'S IN!

WHO'S
IN?



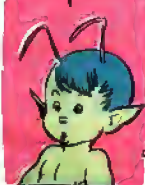
YES—WHO IS HE?
NOW THAT HE'S
INSIDE.

FOLKS IN HERE ALL
WANT TO KNOW
WHO YOU ARE—
WHO ARE YOU?

YOU MEAN YOU
DON'T KNOW
EITHER?

WHY, OF COURSE I KNOW!
BUT I'M AMAZED THAT YOU
DON'T! I'M SANTA CLAUS!

WHO AM I!?



**SANTA
CLAUS!?**

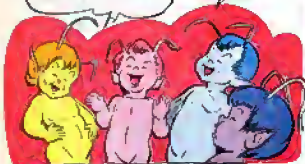


HAHAHAHA HA HA!
HE SAYS HE'S SANTA CLAUS!

HE HASN'T EVEN A
BAG OF GIFTS!

AND REINDEER?

WHERE'S
HIS SLEIGH!



LOOK HERE, YOU
LITTLE RASCALS,
I AM SANTA
CLAUS! I CAN
EVEN TELL YOU
WHAT YOU GOT
FOR CHRISTMAS
LAST YEAR!



WHY, OF COURSE YOU
CAN! EVERYBODY
KNOWS WE GET
CLOTHES EVERY
CHRISTMAS - NOW
'BE QUIET! WE ARE
WAITING FOR
SANTA CLAUS.



AND IN CASE YOU DIDN'T
KNOW, SANTA ALWAYS
COMES BY SLEIGH-HIS
REINDEER ALWAYS MAKE
A HUGE CLATTER ON
THE ROOF...



YES, AN' THEN HE
FALLS DOWN THE
CHIMNEY, KNOCKS
OVER THE CHRIST-
MAS TREE AN'
LEAVES A FEW
PRESENTS...



AN' GOES OFF
FEELING VERY,
VERY PROUD
OF HIMSELF.



SAY, YOU LITTLE FUDDY-DUD,
HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU
SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

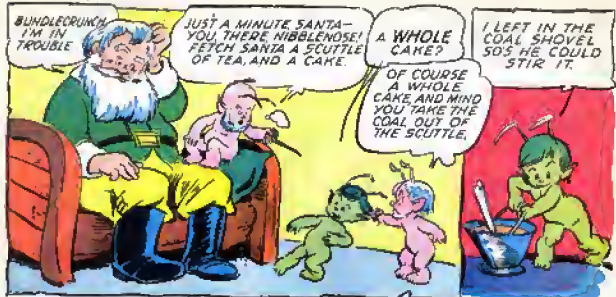


WELL, I DON'T KNOW...
WERE YOU EVER
IN SANTA'S WORK-
SHOP? I WAS
THE CHIEF
CARPENTER
THERE FOR
115 YEARS A
CENTURY OR
TWO AGO!

YOU OLD
RASCAL! NOW
I KNOW YOU!
YOU'RE BUNDLE-
CRUNCH! YOU'VE
BEEN SPOOFING ME!



WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE,
SANTA?



BUNDLECRUNCH!
I'M IN
TROUBLE

JUST A MINUTE, SANTA—
YOU, THERE NIBBLENOSE!
FETCH SANTA A SCUTTLE
OF TEA, AND A CAKE.

A WHOLE
CAKE?

OF COURSE
A WHOLE
CAKE, AND MIND
YOU TAKE THE
COAL OUT OF
THE SCUTTLE.

I LEFT IN THE
COAL SHOVEL
SO'S HE COULD
STIR IT.

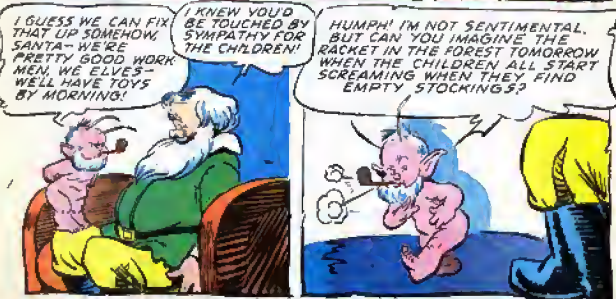


JACK FROST STOLE MY SLEIGH
AND REINDEER—AS A LARK,
OF COURSE... I'LL GET 'EM
BACK—BUT THE GIFTS FOR
THE CHILDREN OF ST.
NICHOLAS FOREST WERE
IN THE SLEIGH.

AN' THAT MEANS
THERE'LL BE A LOT
OF DISAPPOINTED
CHILDREN IN THE
FOREST COME
TOMORROW
MORN—EH?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND
IT'LL BE THE FIRST
TIME IN 25,000 YEARS
OR THEREABOUTS.

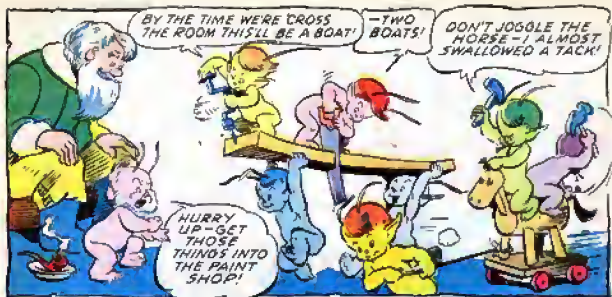
HMMP!



I GUESS WE CAN FIX
THAT UP SOMEHOW,
SANTA—WE'RE
PRETTY GOOD WORK
MEN, WE ELVES—
WE'LL HAVE TOYS
BY MORNING!

I KNEW YOU'D
BE TOUCHED BY
SYMPATHY FOR
THE CHILDREN!

HUMPH! I'M NOT SENTIMENTAL,
BUT CAN YOU IMAGINE THE
RACKET IN THE FOREST TOMORROW
WHEN THE CHILDREN ALL START
SCREAMING WHEN THEY FIND
EMPTY STOCKINGS?



MY SAKES, THEY MUST HAVE FOUND
THESE SHEARS IN AN OLD
WELL, THEY'RE SO RUSTY!
BUT THEY'LL DO

WISH NOW I'D TAKEN LESSONS
FROM A SEAMSTRESS INSTEAD
OF THOSE VIOLIN LESSONS
WHEN I WAS A BOY.



GOT A FEW DONE—BUT
MY SAKES ALIVE, I'M TIRED!
I'LL JUST SNOOZE
A MINUTE...



LOOK—OL' SANTA'S BEEN
TRYING TO MAKE CLOTHES
FOR US—AND OUT OF
HIS OWN, TOO!



HE HE, HE! LOOK
AT 'EM! WHO
COULD WEAR
THESE THINGS?



I KNOW!... THE THING
FOR US TO DO IS TO
QUICK MAKE OUR OWN
CLOTHES WHILE HE'S
ASLEEP... HE'LL WAKE
UP AND THINK HE
DID IT!



I'LL RUN AN' GET THE
OTHERS... THEY'RE
FINISHED WITH
THE TOYS.



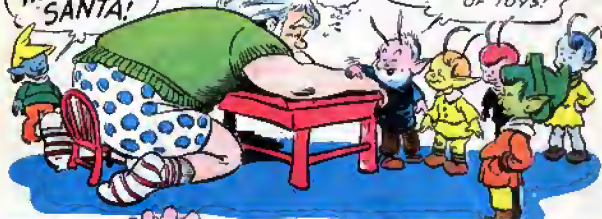
OL' SANTA IS THE
WORLD'S WORST
TAILOR!

AND IN A LITTLE WHILE...

WAKE UP, SANTA!

UM-UH-I-AH-MMPH... WHAT-SMOP!

COME ON, IT'S ALMOST CHRISTMAS MORNING AN' YOU'VE GOT TO DELIVER A PACK OF TOYS!



CRACK!

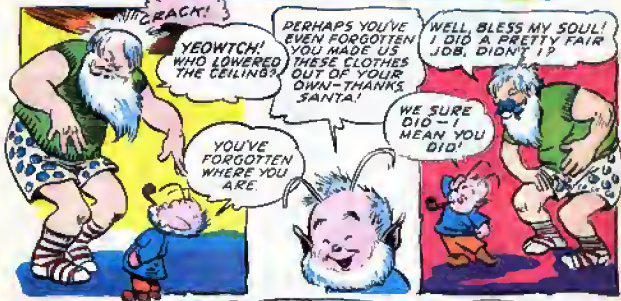
YEOWTCH! WHO LOWERED THE CEILING?

PERHAPS YOU'VE EVEN FORGOTTEN YOU MADE US THESE CLOTHES OUT OF YOUR OWN-THANKS, SANTA!

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! I DID A PRETTY FAIR JOB, DIDN'T I?

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE YOU ARE.

WE SURE DID-I MEAN YOU DID!



WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? I NEVER MADE EVEN A STITCH IN MY SIDE BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

BUT!-I FORGOT! I'LL HAVE NO CLOTHES TO WEAR WHEN I DELIVER THE TOYS YOU'VE MADE!

DON'T WORRY-A FRIEND OF OURS IS PASSING BY IN A MINUTE, AN-

GO, PINKYWINK! SEE IF HE'S COMING BY.



WHY, HELLO THERE, PINKYWINK!

WELL, PINKYWINK—WHY DO YOU WANT
OL' TIMBERTOP, THE GIANT?

WE NEED YOUR COAT-
TAIL FOR AN EMER-
GENCY... SANTA
CLAUS IS DOWN
THERE WITH NO
CLOTHES!

STOP!
STOP!

GO AHEAD,
BUT TIMBERTOP
SAYS DON'T CUT
OFF MORE THAN
YOU NEED.

BUT I'M VERY MUCH ATTACHED
TO MY COAT TAIL.

IF YOU
EVER NEED
MY COAT
TAIL, IT'S
YOURS.

BUT MAYBE I
WON'T LOOK
GOOD IN
RED!

AW, EVERYBODY
LOOKS GOOD IN
RED—BESIDES,
YOU'LL LOOK
BETTER IN
RED THAN
YOU WILL IN
NOTHING.

YOU CAN HELP
SANTA DELIVER TH
TOYS, TIMBERTOP!
HIS REINDEER
ARE STOLEN

WELL, AT LEAST
MY OLD HAT
MATCHES IT...
DOES IT
FIT WELL?

PERFECTLY!

WHY, SANTA, IT'S
THE PERFECT
COSTUME FOR
YOU—NEVER SAW
YOU LOOK
BETTER IN
MY LIFE!

AND WHAT'S MORE, IF YOU
WEAR THAT KIND OF A
SUIT, PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS
KNOW WHO
YOU ARE,
REINDEERS
OR NO
REINDEERS!

MERRY
CHRISTMAS TO
YOU, EVERY ONE!


THANKS, BUNDLECRUNCH, YOU
ELVES HAVE SAVED THE DAY!
AND I'LL TAKE YOUR
ADVICE—I'LL ALWAYS
WEAR THE RED SUIT!

GOOD LUCK,
SANTA...TIMBERTOP
WILL GET YOU
AROUND IN
A JIFFY!

The Night Before Christmas



*'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not
even a mouse,
The stockings were hung by the
chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon
would be there.*



*The children were nestled all
snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums
danced in their heads,
And Mamma in her kerchief and
I in my cap
Had just settled down for a long
winter's nap,*

*When out on the lawn there arose
such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what
was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like
a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw
up the sash.*





*The moon, on the breast of the new-
fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below,
When, what! to my wondering eyes should
appear*

*But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called
them by name:*

*'Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer
and Vixen!*

*On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and
Blitzen!*

*To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"*
*As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount
to the sky,*

*So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys, and St.
Nicholas, too.*





*And then, in a twinkling, I
heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of
each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was
turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from
his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had
flung on his back,*





*And he looked like a peddler
just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his
dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his
nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was drawn
up like a bow.
And the beard on his chin was
as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held
tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled
his head like a wreath,*

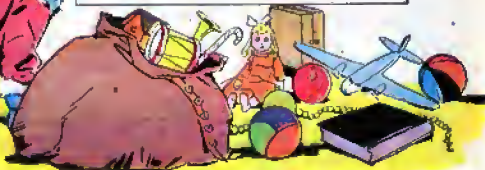





*He had a broad face and a
little round belly
That shook when he laughed
like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a
right jolly old elf.*




*And I laughed when I saw
him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a
twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had
nothing to dread.*



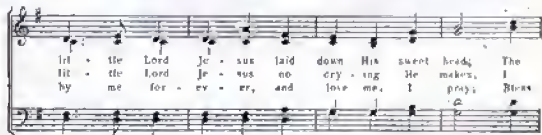
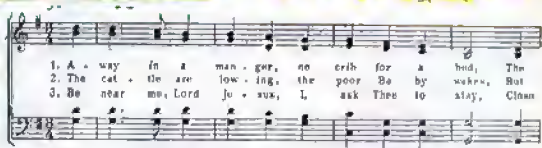
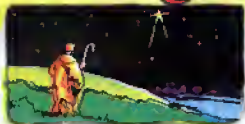


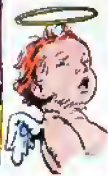
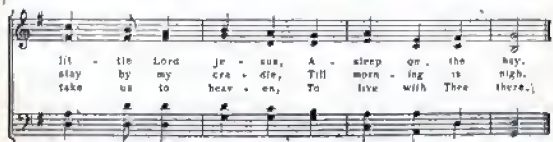
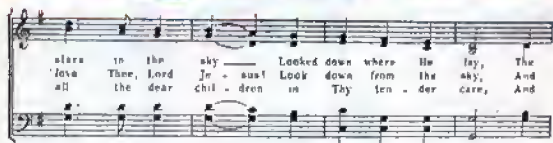
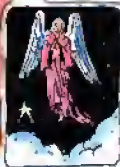
*He spoke not a word, but
went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then
turned with a jerk
And laying his finger aside
of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the
chimney he rose.*



*He sprang to his sleigh, to his
team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like
the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere
he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and
to all a good night."*

Away in a Manger





The Miracle in the Wildwood

ONE CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF BENN, TWO KNIGHTS MET IN FURIOUS COMBAT. EACH CLAIMED THE VILLAGE AS A PART OF HIS OWN LANDS — AND FIERCELY HATED HIS NEIGHBOR.



SIR BORIS! SIR BORIS!
HE'S WINNING—HE'S THE
KNIGHT FOR ME!



THE VILLAGERS THEMSELVES
TOOK SIDES.

NUMBSKULL! BORIS
HASN'T WON YET—
AND HE WON'T!



SIR BORIS! SIR KARL!
WHAT WICKEDNESS
IS THIS?



HAVE YOU LOST YOUR
MINDS—TO FIGHT ON
CHRISTMAS DAY?

NAY, PRIEST, BUT
THAT FOOL WOULD
TAKE THIS
VILLAGE—MY
PROPERTY!



'TIS MINE BY RIGHT! WE'LL
SETTLE THE MATTER ANOTHER
DAY—AND MEANWHILE DIVIDE
THE VILLAGE BETWEEN US.





BRUISED AND BITTER, THE TWO KNIGHTS RODE AWAY TO THEIR CASTLES.



DIVIDE THE VILLAGE—
ODD FORGID! BUT I
FEAR THAT IS WHAT
THEY'LL DO.



YOUNG BROTHER FRANCIS WAS RIGHT...
IN THE VILLAGE, RIVALRY AND QUARRELING
TOOK THE PLACE OF CHURCH-GOING.



SOON NO ONE BUT A FEW OLD
WOMEN AND CHILDREN CAME TO THE
LITTLE CHAPEL IN THE WILLOWOOD.



BUT AFTER A WHILE THEY STAYED AWAY
ALSO. AT LAST, ONLY THE YOUNG
PRIEST REMAINED TO PRAY BEFORE
THE SHRINE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.



THE PEOPLE OF BENN SPENT THEIR
SUNDAYS DRINKING AND QUARRELLING,



WHILE THEIR CHILDREN GOT INTO MISCHIEF...



OR FOUGHT AMONG THEMSELVES.



FIFTY YEARS ROLLED BY OVER THE VILLAGE OF BENN. SIR KARL AND SIR BORIS DIED, LEAVING THEIR SONS AND GRANDSONS TO CARRY ON THE OLD ENMITY.



BROTHER FRANCIS, AN OLD PRIEST NOW, STILL KEPT THE EMPTY CHAPEL IN THE WILDWOOD.



ONE MORNING HE PRAYED WITH AN ACHING HEART FOR A MIRACLE TO BRING BACK HIS LOST FLOCK.



HE DECIDED TO GO ONCE MORE AND PLEAD WITH THE PEOPLE OF BENN.



BY THE ROAD THE CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE WERE HAVING A BITTER SNOW BATTLE



A HARD THROWN ICE-BALL STRIKES ITS MARK.



OH, POOR BOY!



DEAR CHILD! THANK GOD YOU'RE NOT INJURED.

AH, FOOSH TO YOU, YOU CRAZY OLD GOAT!



HA, HA! GIVE HIM SOME MORE!

HERE'S AN ICE-BALL THAT'LL MAKE HIM DANCE!



PERHAPS THE GROWNUPS WILL LISTEN TO ME. I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE WATCHING.

IN THE VILLAGE HE SAW A CROWD



WITH CRUEL LAUGHTER THEY WERE SETTING A FIERCE DOG ON A CAPTIVE BEAR.



FOR SHAME—TORMENTING A DUMB ANIMAL WHEN YOU SHOULD BE IN CHURCH! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY?

EH? IT'S THE OLD HERMIT!



BEGONE, YOU OLD LOON!

AND DON'T BOTHER US AGAIN, OR IT WILL BE WORSE FOR YOU!



SADLY BROTHER FRANCIS RETURNED TO HIS FORGOTTEN CHAPEL TO EASE HIS SORROW WITH PRAYER.



THE CHRIST FIGURE! THE BOY CHRIST—IT STOOD HERE. SOMEONE HAS STOLEN IT!



I HAVE PRAYED FOR A MIRACLE WHAT CAN BE THE ANSWER?



TIRED OF THEIR SNOW BATTLE, THE VILLAGE YOUNGSTERS WERE WATCHING A DOGFIGHT



THEY NEVER NOTICED THE APPROACH OF THE STRANGER BOY, UNTIL THE DOGS SPRANG APART.



WITH WAGGING TAILS THE BRUTES FAWNED AT HIS FEET.



THE VILLAGE BOYS WERE FURIOUS.



BUT THE STRANGER TURNED AND LOOKED AT THEM, UNAFRAID.



A STRANGE SPELL FELL UPON EVERYONE. THE SNOWBALLS DROPPED FROM THEIR HANDS.



THE STRANGER MOVED SLOWLY AWAY, AND THE CHILDREN FOLLOWED. INSTEAD OF SCOWLING, THEY SMILED AT ONE ANOTHER.



NO ONE HAD THE POWER
TO STAY BEHIND



WITH A CLATTER OF PONY HOOFS, SIR
BORIS' GRANDSONS RACED DOWN THE
ROAD IN PURSUIT OF LITTLE KARL THE III.

LOOK! KARL WILL
ESCAPE US IN
THAT CROWD OF
VILLAGE BRATS.

NO, HE WON'T—WE'LL
RIDE DOWN ANYONE
THAT'S IN OUR WAY.



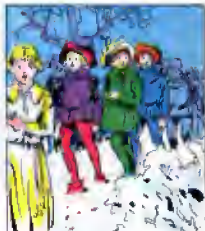
TO THE BOYS' AMAZEMENT THEIR
THREE PONIES STOPPED SHORT
BEFORE THE SMILING STRANGER.



SOMEHOW, THEY
JUST COULDN'T
HELP SMILING BACK.



ONE YOUNG NOBLEMAN
OFFERED HIS PONY—BUT
THE STRANGER YOUTH PASSED
ON WITH A FRIENDLY NOD.



THEIR HATRED FORGOTTEN,
THE SMALL GRANDSONS OF
KARL AND BORIS JOINED
THE HAPPY CROWD.



STRAIGHT INTO THE WILDWOOD
WENT THE PROCESSION.



BUT NO PATH OR FOOTPRINT
REMAINED BEHIND TO SHOW
WHERE THEY HAD GONE.



BEFORE THE FEET OF THE STRANGER
BOY, FLOWERS SPRANG UP
THROUGH THE SNOW.



AND THE TIMID WILDWOOD CREATURES
VENTURED OUT TO GREET HIM.



WOOD DOVES, THRUSHES, AND
SPARROWS CAME FEARLESSLY
TO THE CHILDREN'S CALL.



IN THE VILLAGE THE STREETS WERE
NOW EMPTY...THE BEAR-BAITERS HAD
GONE HOME.

WHERE CAN THOSE BRATS
OF OURS BE? THE
DINNER IS READY.

STRANGE THAT
THEY'RE NOT HERE
YELLING FOR IT... I'LL
LOOK OUTSIDE.



NO SIGN OF THEM!
THE STREETS
EMPTY-AND
QUIET AS
A TOMB!



OUR CHILDREN-
WHERE ARE
THEY? DO
YOU KNOW?

NO-AND I
DON'T CARE
WE ARE
LOOKING FOR
OUR OWN
YOUNG
ONES.



IN A FEW MOMENTS THE
VILLAGE WAS LOUD WITH
THE CRIES OF ANXIOUS
PARENTS

PERHAPS THEY'RE STILL
FIGHTING IN THEIR SNOW-
FORTS-COME, WIFE, AND
WE'LL SEE.

I'LL TAN THEM
PROPERLY WHEN I
GET MY HANDS
ON THEM!



THE SNOW-FORTS ARE
EMPTY! WHAT CAN
HAVE HAPPENED?



DOWN THE ROAD FROM HIS CASTLE
THUNDERED THE YOUNG SIR BORIS



SWEET ON THE WINTRY AIR FLOATED
THE PEAL OF DISTANT BELLS



THE CHAPEL, EH? THEN THE CRAZY OLD HERMIT PRIEST IS THE ONE WHO'S BEWITCHED OUR CHILDREN.



NO DOUBT HE'S LED THEM OUT IN THE FOREST TO DIE OF COLD.

IF HE HAS, HE'LL DIE OF COLD STEEL, I SWEAR IT!



THEY REACHED THE CHAPEL, TO HALT IN DUMB ASTONISHMENT.

WELCOME, MY FRIENDS! TRULY YOUR LITTLE ONES—A MIRACLE! WILL TELL YOU OF THE MIRACLE! HAVE BEEN!



IN THE CHOIR STALLS STOOD ALL THE CHILDREN, SINGING LIKE ANGELS, WEARING THE VESTMENTS OF FIFTY YEARS BEFORE.

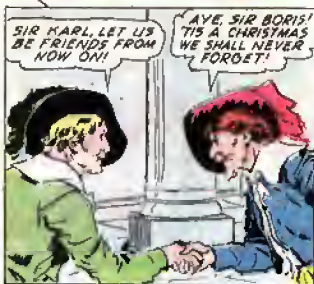
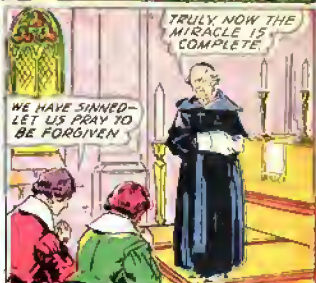
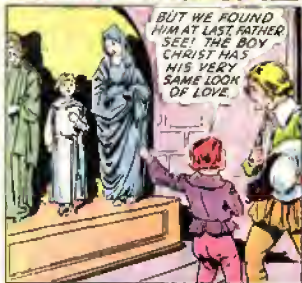


JOY MELTED THE HEART OF EVERY PARENT AT THE CHILDREN'S MERRY GREETING.

THE MIRACLE, MY SON! TELL ME ABOUT IT!

IT WAS THE STRANGER BOY HE LED US HERE, AND WE HAD NO POWER TO BE ANGRY—AND THEN AT THE CHAPEL DOOR HE DISAPPEARED.





FROM THAT DAY UNTIL NOW HAPPINESS HAS REIGNED IN THE CHAPEL IN THE WILDWOOD.



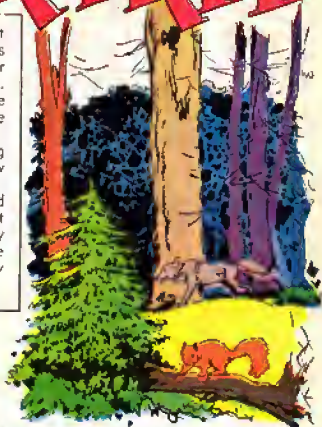
AND THE JOYOUS SMILE HAS NEVER LEFT THE RADIANT FACE OF THE CHILD JESUS. EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS OF VISITORS COME TO THE CHAPEL IN THE WILDWOOD TO PRAY AND SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE MIRACLE HAPPENED SO LONG AGO.

The Little FIR TREE

A long time ago deep in a forest there grew a pretty little fir tree. It was pleasant in the wood, there were other plants and small bushes to talk to . . . the birds and animals of the forest were always kindly . . . but the little Fir Tree was not happy.

The Fir Tree could think of nothing but how wonderful it would be to grow into a towering tree.

One day some woodsmen come and cut down several of the huge straight firs that had stretched high into the sky and the little Fir Tree trembled for he had not known that men came to hew the tall timber.



The West Wind soothed him, telling him how the firs would be trimmed and sent down the river to a seaport, there to become the masts of great ships that sailed the seven seas.

Then the little Fir Tree was all impatience, he wanted so to be a tall fir and to be made into a proud ship's mast.

The Summer passed and soon the Autumn was gone. Winter's winds grow sharper and colder as the days went on. The little Fir Tree huddled by himself and felt miserable.

Snow lay deep around the Fir one day when he heard voices near by. It was a group of men and boys come to gather Christmas Trees for the holiday season.



The little Fir Tree asked a Chickadee why the people were cutting Christmas Trees.

"To be a Christmas Tree," said the bird, "must be the most wonderful thing in the world."

But just as the Tree was about to ask for more explanation, a man stopped by the little Fir and cried, "Here is the finest Christmas Tree I have ever seen." And with that he cut down the little Fir Tree and placed it on the sleigh.

The sleigh went into town and the first customer that saw the trees selected the little Fir. He was truly a fine tree and he felt very proud.



"I wonder what it means to be a Christmas Tree," the Fir thought to himself. He was not long in learning. The fat old man who bought the Tree built a little wooden base. The man's wife draped the base with cloth, everybody in the house made some trinket or other to hang upon the tree. Then the tree was carried into a bright warm room and placed in a position of honor.

When at last the Tree was ready, the doors to the room were thrown open and in rushed the children. They danced and sang around the Tree. The little Fir swelled in pride and happiness for he was trimmed with the gayest, prettiest, brightest trimmings in all the world.





The stout old gentleman sat with the children alongside the pleased little Fir Tree and told a happy story about Humpty Dumpty and the Queen of Spain. Everybody laughed and the Fir had all he could do to keep from joining in.

The holidays passed all too quickly. One afternoon the housemaid came and with many a groan at the tedious job took all the trimmings from the little Fir Tree, picked him up bodily, and very clumsily threw him down the cellar stair.

The little Fir Tree was a bit hurt and quite welcomed the attentions of several inquisitive mice who poked their

noses at him. "Where did YOU come from?" they squeaked.



"Where AM I?" asked the Fir in reply, "THAT'S more important to me."

"You're down in the cellar with all the rest of the discards," answered the mice. "Do you know any stories? It's very dull down here."

So the Fir Tree told with great relish how wonderful it had been to be a Christmas Tree. Then he told the story of Humpty Dumpty and the Queen of Spain. The mice were quite delighted.

Just then old Grandfather Rot stumped by and asked what all the squeaking and giggling was about. "Tell HIM the stories!" urged the mice.





The little Fir Tree did. But the Rat was a tired old fellow and the stories didn't interest him at all.

"MMMMMph," he sniffed, "don't, you know any stories about cheese, or hams . . . or even eggs?"

The Fir Tree said he did not and started happily on the story about Humpty Dumpty all over again.

Old Rat left in a grumpy sort of manner and the little mice, not to be outdone, also left in a huff for Grandfather Rot sort of set the style for life in the cellar.

The little Fir Tree grunted to himself and thought, "If they don't know two good stories when they hear them, I can't say much for the folk hereabouts. I can just see those bonbons and caramels, those candles and tinsel stars . . . I can hear the singing and the laughter . . . Mine has certainly been a full life . . . yes, indeed . . . I'm glad I never became the mast of a ship, what a dull life! . . . And that story about Humpty Dumpty is the funniest one I EVER heard in my life."

Of course it was the ONLY story he had ever heard, but it satisfied the little Fir Tree . . . and so did the memories of his brief career as a Christmas Tree. So dreaming of the gayety and warmth he had once known, the little Fir Tree fell fast asleep . . . and who knows, he may be sleeping down in that cellar to this very day!

Silent Night

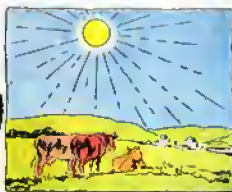
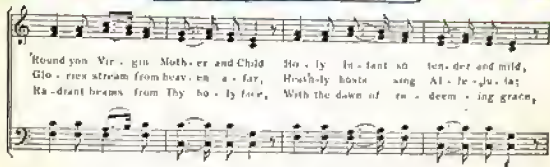


PP

1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright,
 2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake at the sight,
 3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

PP





The WONDERFUL JOURNEY of little CHRIS KYO



LITTLE CHRIS KYO LIVED IN LAPLAND, ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE... ON CHRISTMAS EVE HE AND HIS BIG REINDEER, JOKI, WERE HAULING FIREWOOD TO KEEP THE FAMILY WARM.

THIS IS OUR LAST LOAD TONIGHT, JOKI... WHEN WE GET HOME I'LL ASK MOTHER TO GIVE YOU A TASTE OF THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING



NOW, JOKI, PULL!



JOKI LEANED SLOWLY AGAINST THE HARNESS... HE KNEW THE LEATHER TRACE WAS OLD AND POOR.



FOR THE THIRD TIME THAT DAY IT BROKE.

THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO MEND IT WITHOUT SOME NEW LEATHER.

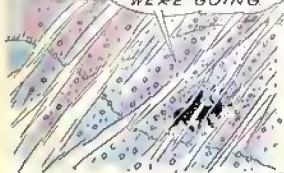


WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE
THE LOAD HERE, AND
HURRY HOME... IT'S
GOING TO SNOW
HARD.



THE SNOW CAME
DOWN FASTER AND THICKER.

I'M AFRAID WE'RE LOST,
JOKI! I CAN'T SEE WHERE
WE'RE GOING.



OH! WHAT DID WE
BUMP
INTO?



IT'S A SLEIGH—AND
REINDEER! BUT
WHERE'S THE
DRIVER?
HI—OH,
THERE!



HELLO, LITTLE
MAN! HAVE
YOU LOST
YOUR WAY?

SAN-SANTA
CLAUS!
YOU ARE
SANTA—
AREN'T
YOU?



OF COURSE... BUT I DON'T
WONDER YOU'RE
SURPRISED TO FIND
ME HERE. TRUTH IS,
I'M IN A BIT OF
TROUBLE.



YOU SEE VIXEN, MY
LADY REINDEER,
KICKED OVER THE
TRACES AND
SPRAINED
HER LEG.

SAY,
THAT'S
TOO BAD,
SANTA!



I'VE BANDAGED HER AND MADE HER COMFORTABLE - BUT I'LL NEVER MAKE A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD TONIGHT WITH ONE REINDEER MISSING!



SANTA! I- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



WHY COULDN'T YOU USE MY JOKI? YOU LEND HIM TO YOU, JUST FOR TONIGHT.

THANK YOU, CHRIS KYO! BUT NO ORDINARY REINDEER COULD POSSIBLY KEEP UP WITH MY TEAM!



I KNOW - BUT JOKI IS THE CLEVEREST, FASTEST, STRONGEST REINDEER IN LAPLAND! I'LL SHOW YOU!



HE CAN JUMP AS IF HE HAD WINGS ON HIS FEET. WATCH HIM -



ASTONISHING!



NOW, JOKI, SHAKE HANDS!

WHY, BLESS MY SOUL! HE'S A TRICK REINDEER, TOO!



WE'LL TRY HIM IN VIXEN'S HARNESS, CHRIS. PERHAPS I SHALL MAKE MY VISITS TONIGHT, AFTER ALL!

I'LL STAY HERE WITH VIXEN, IF YOU LIKE.



THAT WON'T BE
NECESSARY. VIXEN IS
QUITE COMFORTABLE

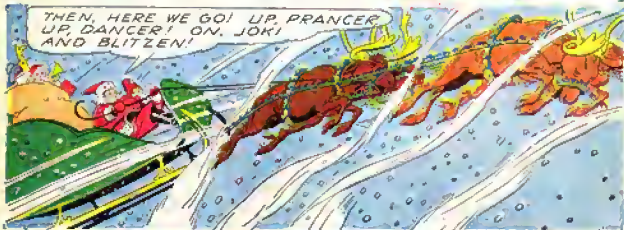


WOULDN'T YOU LIKE
TO MAKE THE TRIP
AROUND THE
WORLD WITH
ME?

OH, SANTA-
WOULD
!!

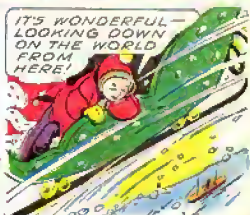


THEN, HERE WE GO! UP, PRANCER!
UP, DANCER! ON, JOKI
AND BLITZEN!



HIGH ABOVE THE SNOW
CLOUDS, SANTA'S SLEIGH
FLEW FASTER THAN THE WIND.

IT'S WONDERFUL—
LOOKING DOWN
ON THE WORLD
FROM
HERE!

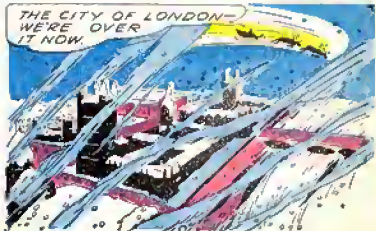


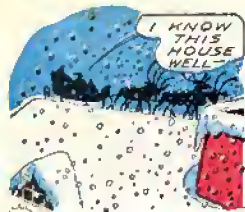
AND IT'S SPLENDID TO
HAVE COMPANY ON
THIS LONG
TRIP...HAVE
A GUM-
DROP,
CHRIS?

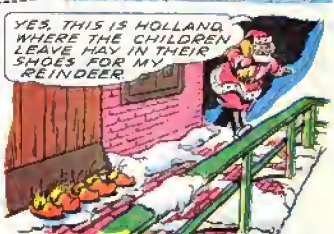
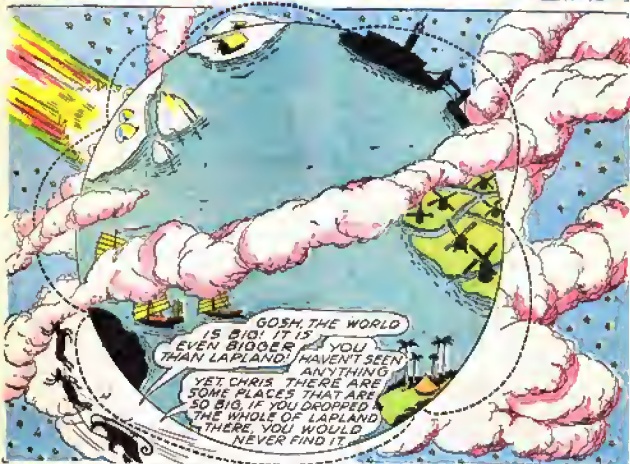
THANKS!
WHERE IS
YOUR FIRST
STOP,
SANTA?



THE CITY OF LONDON—
WE'RE OVER
IT NOW.







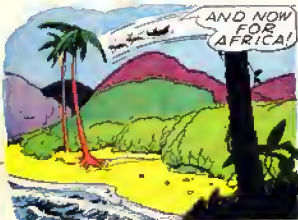
I PUT TOYS AND SUGARPLUMS
IN THE SHOES OF THE GOOD
CHILDREN...BUT BAD ONES
GET SWITCHES
INSTEAD.



THINK OF IT, JOKI - A
LAPLAND REINDEER
EATING HAY IN HOLLAND!
IT'S HARD TO
BELIEVE.



AND NOW
FOR
AFRICA!



THROUGH THE
HOT, TROPIC NIGHT
SANTA'S SLEIGH SWOOPS
DOWN TO A CONGO VILLAGE.

LISTEN, SANTA!
I HEAR
MUSIC.



THEY'RE SINGING
CHRISTMAS CAROLS.
IS THIS A
CHURCH?

YES...
LOOK
DOWN
THROUGH
THE THATCH.



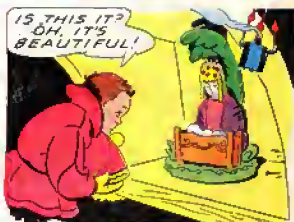
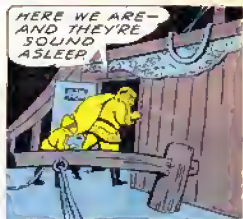
O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL...
O COME YE TO
BETHLEHEM!



SANTA, WHERE WILL YOU
LEAVE THEIR PRESENTS?
THEY DON'T WEAR
ANY SHOES OR
STOCKINGS.







YOU TAKE MY
CHOPSTICKS TO
'MEMBER ME BY
LIL' GLIS!

THANK YOU-
A THOUSAND
TIMES,
MR. WONG!



IS THIS AN
ESKIMO
CHIMNEY-
LYING ON
IT'S SIDE?

NO-IT'S THE
IGLOO'S
ENTRANCE,
CHRIS



WE'LL LEAVE THEIR GIFTS IN
THE ENTRANCE - PRETTY
MUKLUKS FOR LITTLE NIKLAK,
A WARM PARKA FOR ITOKU,
AN IVORY BEAR FOR
OLD TUMITUK...



BUT, SANTA, YOU'RE
NOT LEAVING
VIXEN'S HARNESS
ON JOKI,
ARE YOU?

WHY
NOT? HE
EARNED
IT.



JUST BEFORE
DAYLIGHT THE REINDEER
BELLS JINGLE OVER AN
ESKIMO VILLAGE

AND THERE'S THE
FAMILY-
SOUND
ASLEEP
IN THEIR
FURS.

IT'S PRETTY
NICE-FOR A
HOUSE MADE
WITH
SNOW!



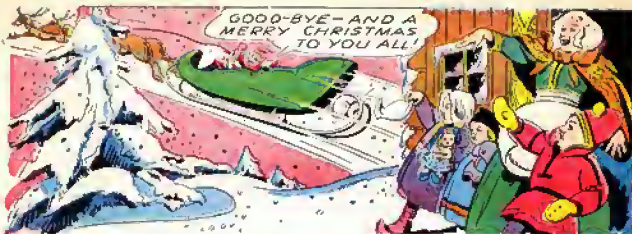
AND NOW, CHRIS,
DO YOU KNOW
WHERE WE
ARE?

OH, YES-
WE'RE
HOME!



AND HERE IS YOUR REWARD
CHRIS KYO, FOR ALL
YOUR HELP TO OLD
SANTA CLAUS.



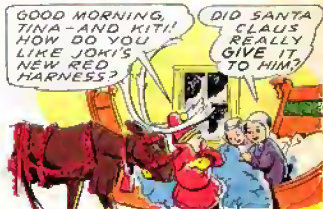


GOOD-BYE-AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!



CHRIS, MY SON, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I HAVEN'T SLEPT ALL NIGHT FOR WORRYING.

I'VE BEEN AROUND THE WORLD WITH SANTA, MOTHER.



GOOD MORNING, TINA-AND KIT!! HOW DO YOU LIKE JOKI'S NEW RED HARNESS?

DID SANTA CLAUS REALLY GIVE IT TO HIM?



YES-AND HE GAVE ME THIS WHOLE BAGFUL OF PRESENTS FOR MY LITTLE SISTERS.



AND THIS WARM COAT MUST BE FOR YOU, MOTHER.

CHRIS' I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE ALL THESE THINGS ARE REAL!



THEY'RE REAL, ALL RIGHT! SEE-HERE'S A HOLLY LEAF FROM LONDON, A PALM LEAF FROM AFRICA, AND A PAIR OF CHOP STICKS A CHINESE GAVE ME...



I GUESS THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH THAT JOKI AND I ARE THE FIRST ONES TO VISIT THE WHOLE WORLD ON CHRISTMAS EVE WITH SANTA CLAUS!



Why do the bells of
Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?
Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.
There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child!"
Therefore bells for Christmas
ring.
Therefore little children sing.





Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtail ring,
Making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight!

Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

